PR4229
.B75
no1

PR 4229
.B75
no. 1

Order of Exercises.

Organ Prelude . . *John Sebastian Bach* . . B. J. Lang.

OPENING ADDRESS,

By the President of the Browning Society of Boston,

Col. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

SONG.

The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn ;
Morning 's at seven ;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled ;
The lark 's on the wing ;
The snail 's on the thorn :
God 's in his heaven —
All 's right with the world !

Words from Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes." Music by Clara K. Rogers. Sung by W. J. Winch.

PRAYER.

Rev. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D. D.

In Memoriam.

MEMORIAL TO ROBERT BROWNING

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

BROWNING SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

KING'S CHAPEL,

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1890.

CAMBERWELL, ENGLAND, MAY 7, 1812.

VENICE, ITALY, DECEMBER 12, 1889.

Misc. printed matter.

HYMN.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Music written for this occasion by B. J. Lang. Sung by W. J. Winch.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Rev. CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D.D.

SONG.

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but, unless God send his hail,
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

From Robert Browning's "Paracelsus." Music by Emily Harradan. Sung by W. J. Winch.

TRIBUTES FROM OTHER AUTHORS.

HYMN.

The audience is requested to join in singing the following hymn, which was sung at the Westminster Abbey Service.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard, while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

BENEDICTION.

Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 929 714 2